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THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE NASTY WOMEN



Author › Amna Mahmood
Contributor

A week after the forty-fifth president of the United States of America's inauguration ceremony, millions of protestors, mainly women, marched worldwide to address human rights and equality issues. The protests, originally more pro-women than anti-Donald Trump, provide a glimpse into their frustration. Notwithstanding Trump's latest political actions that have openly attacked immigrants, the devastating impact that his political rhetoric could have on women's rights is a cause for concern.

Historically, the Women's March on Washington seeks women's rights in the US and the general global setting. This year, however, as thousands of women gathered in the capital city, the slogans floating above this flood of pink hats—a move condemning Trump's infamous brag of grabbing women by their genitals—unapologetically carped the new President. Trump has, over the last few months, exhibited many instances of overt disrespect towards women, such as calling his political rival Hillary Clinton “a nasty woman” during one of the Presidential debates or the sexual assault cases against him. However, one of the most alarming apprehensions for human rights advocates, following Trump's presidency is the memorandum he has signed to impair women's health and reproductive rights under an amended, more detrimental version of the “global gag rule.”

Much has already been said about the consequences of these laws on women's health in developing countries. A quick census of the memorandum's effects shows that it will cut off access to contraception for a vast number of women, typically in Africa, curb access to cancer screenings, and possibly even

reduce vaccination campaigns against HIV and Zika virus. The ensuing damage will be significant to health outcomes internationally since the US is the single largest donor to global health efforts, providing nearly three billion dollars through the US Agency for International Development (USAID) alone. The order does not eliminate international aid for abortions, which is already prohibited by federal law under the Helms amendment. Rather, the global gag rule takes it one step further by banning NGOs from using private funds to provide abortion services or offering information about the subject.

Reinstating the Ronald Reagan era order, also called the Mexico City policy, Trump believes that this would reduce abortions in congruity with his pro-life stance. However, statistics dictate otherwise. According to a survey conducted by the Centre for Reproductive Rights, an estimated twenty million women are driven to unsafe abortions every year. More than ninety-five per cent of these abortions are in low-income countries where millions of women die from resulting complications or serious injuries. Set against this global crisis, is the gag rule. Pro-choice groups, like Marie Stopes International and Planned Parenthood International are amongst the many that will lose funding in underprivileged countries from this policy. This will cause reduced contraceptive use and greater abortion rates; Marie Stopes International estimates that a loss of the funding will lead to 2.1 million more unsafe abortions worldwide.

Studying the implications of this policy also sheds light on its incongruity with the numerous international human rights instruments that have, over

decades, attempted to recognize women's access to dignified care. The Committee on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights has established that women's right to health includes their sexual and reproductive health. The global gag rule undermines these rights as established in the International Conference on Population and Development in 1994. The Convention on the Elimination of all Forms of Discrimination Against Women (CEDAW) and the UN have stressed the importance of women's rights to health and freedom of choice. In 2004, the Special Rapporteur established that the right to health entitles women to reproductive healthcare services, goods and facilities that are (a) available in adequate numbers; (b) accessible physically and economically; (c) accessible

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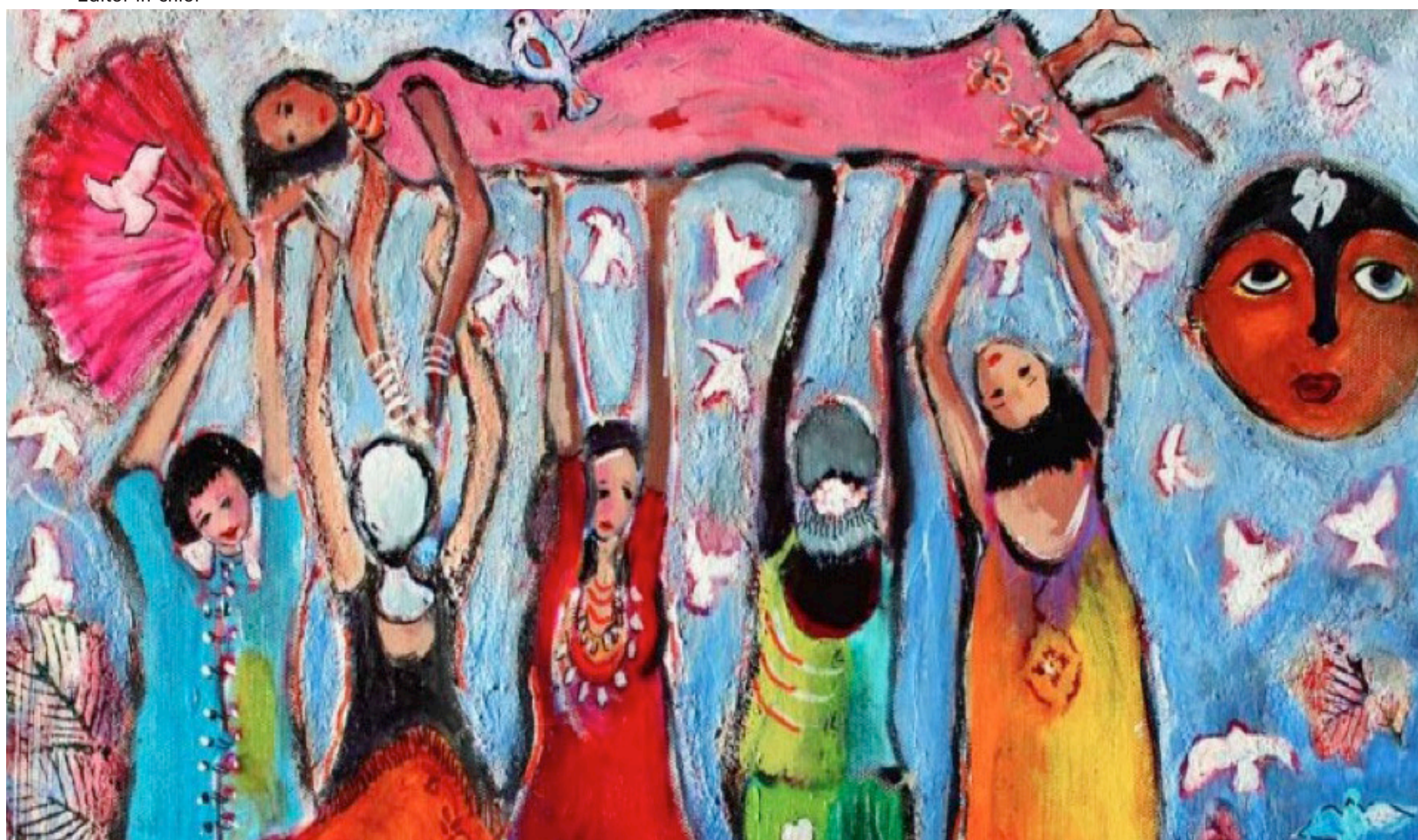
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Yes Virginia, Women Can Work Together

Author › Erin Garbett
Editor-in-chief



Source: Cheryl Braganza, www.cherylbraganza.com

In honour of International Women's Day, and in honour of me reaching full annoyance saturation levels, I'd like to spend this editorial smashing tone of my least favourite stereotypes about women. That is, that we cannot work together, or that working with women is more "difficult."

Initially, I wanted to take the time to explain what this myth is founded upon and how this myth evolved. I took some books out of the library, read some articles, and chatted with colleagues in preparation for writing this piece.

However, I've decided against taking an analytical approach. Because honestly, if I have to enter into this conversation starting with the proposition that it is somehow believable that roughly one half of Earth's population somehow can't cooperate and collaborate, I've already lost.

So instead, I'm here to ask you to just trust me, and to believe me.

Believe me when I say that my best work relationships have been—and are—with women. That, because I feel safer having conversations about my work and my life with women, my professional relationships with other women are deeper and more fulfilling. That even though I agree that on the whole, my relationships with women are

more complicated than those with men, that isn't a negative. That because we're willing to work through these complications, I form better relationships with them.

Believe me when I say that yes, some women are difficult to work with, but no, that doesn't translate to an objective conclusion about roughly fifty percent of the population.

Believe me when I say that that statement is insulting and belittling.

Believe me when I say that internalizing that idea has led to so much anxiety and insecurity at work that I've perpetuated it at times. That it has tainted my ability to receive constructive criticism from women at work. That it has led to expending ludicrous amounts of time and energy wondering if a woman at work hates me, or if I said something wrong in our last conversation, or if or if or if.

Believe me when I say that far too many women have internalized the idea that to get ahead you must put another woman down. That it isn't enough to be as good or better at your job than a male colleague, or to do as much or more work.

Believe me that every time you tell her women can't work together, you're reinforcing the idea that it's a zero sum game and there are only so many spaces available for women.

Believe me when I say that for many women, hearing how hard it is for us to work together for years, or even decades, is the underlying reason they're "difficult."

Believe me when I say that we need to question whether female co-workers are actually difficult. Would the same actions from a male co-worker make him "passionate" or "a leader"? Or would you just accept the same actions from a male co-worker or superior without an analysis of whether or not they're "difficult" at all?

Believe me when I say that it is far more likely that the patriarchy couldn't handle the idea of women working. That, like many institutions of oppression have realized, it is easier to turn the oppressed against each other than it is for oppressors to dismantle the movement themselves.

Believe me when I say that we have to do better. That we have to move past this destructive notion. That we have to support women at work, and learn to recognize when sexist stereotypes are affecting our relationships with women at work.

Believe me when I say that we need to stop saying women can't work together. ▲

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The Road Less Travelled

Author › Ian Mason
Managing Editor

I'm not sure if there's a normal path to law school. There's the generally common "four years of undergrad straight into the jaws of the legal machine" route that explains the overabundance of bright-eyed students in their early twenties. However, less orthodox paths have seemingly become more prevalent. For every twenty-three year old first year student who hasn't seen a C since middle-school phys. ed., there's now a forty year old woman who realized she couldn't provide for her children on a legal assistant's salary, or a thirty year old reformed sketchbag who finally decided to use his squandered potential. At the very least, gone are the days when a graduating class would be about one hundred heavily (and awesomely) whiskered white men and a few unfortunate souls unable to grow a handlebar moustache. Law school has become remarkably diverse.

Frankly, this is a good thing. I've had at least one professor correctly note that the judiciary is still predominantly manned by older white men. Not only that, a lot of these older white men are products of extreme privilege, born and raised in a Canada that was whiter than the offspring of a lily and freshly fallen snow. Also, there's the issue of male overrepresentation in the judiciary. Considering that half—if not more—of the student body at Osgoode is currently female, it's easy to forget that the legal profession used to be predominantly male. The fact that you could legally rape your wife until 1983 reflects how dramatically things have changed in the last thirty or so years. We now have law students who know what it was like to live on reserve with parents who survived the horrors of the residential school system, and women who remember what it was like to have your boss shove his hand up your skirt as "just another Tuesday." The justice system is about to be run by people who are more experienced at being victims of injustice, and it's about damned time.

That said, regardless of our race, age, or gender, we're all united by two substantial characteristics. First, we're all quite intelligent, at least when it comes to "book-smarts". This is not to promote a sense of superiority or an inflated sense of our own worth. Sure, most of us can make sense of an arcane legal text, but most of us would need to call a relative or family friend to do mundane household repairs. Still, no matter how you cut it, you need to be extremely intelligent in some sense to even get into law school. I remember showing my ex (who has a master's degree and Bachelor of Education, indicating no lack of academic intelligence) some LSAT practice tests, and asking her to pick a question at random and answer it. It took her over two minutes to provide a wrong answer. I showed other people the same question, and they asked why I'd subject myself to such mental torture. We have a very specific set of skills, and while they aren't as awesome as the ones possessed by Liam Neeson in Taken, they're still fairly impressive.

Second, we're all very privileged in one way or another. The sheer cost of law school makes it unobtainable for your average person, regardless of their intellectual capacity. Many law students come from such wealth that the growing cost of law school is a drop in the proverbial bucket. I don't come from an especially wealthy family, but I would have had to settle for an undergraduate degree if my maternal grandparents hadn't put aside enough to get me through first and most of second year. Even being financially secure enough to obtain a loan for law school is a privilege. Beyond the monetary advantages, by and large we've also been fortunate in not needing to do something like drop out of high school to support our families, or have



Source: <http://www.dreamstime.com/>

university degrees from another country be disregarded for allegedly not meeting Canadian standards. Even the least lucky of us are objectively lucky.

My overarching point is that many of us benefit from advantages that most people could only dream of. Consequently, not taking things for granted takes actual effort on our part. I've known people to look down on law students and lawyers because we're seen as out of touch with the real world we have real power to manipulate. We have power to shape a world that few of us have ever truly lived in, and it's hard to blame people for being resentful. It would be easy to dismiss this as someone else's problem, but that would be irresponsible at the very least. Our work will impact the lives of hundreds—if not thousands—of people. We have a moral duty to try and walk in the shoes of others.

Obviously, there's no replacement for real world experience, and as children of profound privilege, even an attempt to about the experiences of others can come off as patronizing. That said, there's little harm in trying. Osgoode's Public Interest Requirement is a brilliant way of giving people some insight into the lives of the less fortunate, but that's just one way to get some insight. Even doing something like going to a local dive bar and people watching is a way to learn about the people you very well might end up representing. Maybe that's easier said than done for people who aren't working-class drinkers who are well-accustomed to making conversation with strangers, but it's worth doing at least once. You might end up in a surprisingly enlightening conversation with a Rwandan

refugee who's just happy to have an privileged person not looking down on him for being on social assistance. Worst case scenario, you'll be down fifteen bucks and might have to watch a bartender chase out a drunk woman who tried to bring in her own vodka (that last part is often quite funny). Get out of your comfort zone and familiarize yourself with people you wouldn't otherwise encounter. You'll be better for it.

Not really knowing how to end this piece, I figure I should finish with an apology pertaining to my "5 drinks" article. Apparently, Bacardi 151 has been discontinued, so my Totally Awesome Sweet Alabama Liquid Snake shooter cannot be made and thus cannot be the official shooter of the Endtimes. I apologize for teasing you with an unusual way to destroy your liver and kidneys, and will find a way to make it up to you in the future. Until then, there's always Wray and Nephew.

Peace out. ▲

Working for Workers

Automation and the Fight for Minimum Wage

Author › Jerico Espinas
Opinions Editor

Finding an appropriate wage for employees is a struggle not only for businesses, but also for activists and policy-makers. Groups like Fight for \$15 are part of a global labour movement to ensure that employees are paid a fair, livable wage for their work. These groups often support Union strikes to ensure better working conditions at a local level, but they also lobby government to change policy at a social level.

Many of these groups are finding political traction because of how significantly wages affect politicians' constituents. Although employment numbers are generally recovering after the recession, many of the jobs are minimum wage work that does not pay enough to cover basic expenses, especially for those living in high-rent metropolitan areas. The issue is particularly significant for younger adults, many of whom are also affected by steep student loans.

In the US, pushback from these special interest groups has led to significant improvements in workers' wages. Arizona, Colorado, Maine, and Washington all approved state minimum wage increases between 43% and 60% over the next few years, though some still argue that the wages are below a livable standard. New York and California also promised to increase minimum wage to \$15 per hour over the next few years. These changes suggest a potential policy move towards fair working conditions for workers.

Given this context, it is interesting to see how quickly many businesses are embracing automation as a way to cut down on labour expenses by entirely removing workers from their business model. For a one-time investment in

capital, alongside minimal repair and maintenance costs, many of these robots create long-term savings for businesses by removing employee wages and benefits.

Certainly, production processes like car manufacturing have slowly been replacing workers with robots for years, making use of advances in robotics to replace even specialized, detail-oriented tasks. However, even service industries are embracing automation. Fast food restaurants like McDonald's and Wendy's are slowly replacing cashiers with self-order kiosks, allowing customers to send in their custom orders using on-screen instructions.

Some businesses are arguing that these changes to their business model to better incorporate automation respond to stakeholder needs. For example, according to Wendy's Chief Information Officer David Trim, "There is a huge amount of pull (from franchisees) in order to get them. With the demand we are seeing... we can absolutely see our way to having 1,000 or more restaurants live with kiosks by the end of the year (2017)." Even customers are demanding the expansion of self-ordering services, with some, for example, enjoying the ability to slowly browse through menu options without awkwardly stalling the line.

Labour groups are concerned that these demand-based justifications are PR, pushing the responsibility to the order-focused customers rather than to the profit-oriented business owner. Their concern is that job security for precarious workers will worsen under these changes, making it even harder for workers to survive.

Even business groups, however, are concerned that these changes will come at the expense of employee working conditions. For example, some stores are willing to pay a high fee for state-of-the-art self-order kiosks while neglecting to update their food processes; the higher order load compounds with the worsening kitchen conditions in order to significantly decrease consumer satisfaction. For them, automation needs to complement current business strategies to enhance consumer satisfaction. Simply using it as a way to replace vital staff will create short-term gains but long-term losses.

Policy-makers are currently at a standstill when it comes to regulating the use of rapidly-evolving technology and its impact on the work force. Certainly, businesses should be encouraged to use modern methods to deliver goods and services to consumers; forcing them to use less efficient or impactful technology does not benefit anyone in the long run. However, businesses also need to be aware of how their shifts are affecting their employees as a matter of corporate social responsibility, and policy can help uphold this duty.

Some ideas are currently being considered, including universal basic income and, more recently, a tax on robots. Although these options each have strong proponents none have received significant buy-in from a majority of industries. Only time will tell whether we can make the right policy change before too many are impacted. ▀

Did You Know

Canada Doesn't Accept North Korean Refugees

Author › Trevor Fairlie
Contributor

Events during the 2015 federal election brought Canada's immigration and refugee policy to the forefront of the public consciousness in a way that only happens every few decades.

Since the election, Canada has taken in thousands of refugees and shown a moral leadership that is increasingly lacking in today's world. However, there is one group of refugees that remain shut out of Canada – North Koreans. Since 2013, North Koreans have generally been denied refugee status in Canada.

North Korea, the so-called Hermit Kingdom, is one of the most secretive and repressive states in the world. Citizens are cut off from and unaware of the world that surrounds them. Many live in fear of persecution simply for their private disagreement with their government. Instead of being able to leave freely, they must risk their lives and escape, usually through China.

Like all refugees, North Korean defectors take major risks to flee their country; at any step of their journey, they could come across a North Korean spy or an opportunistic foreign national who sells them back to Pyongyang.

Most defectors end up in the Republic of Korea (South Korea), where they are granted automatic citizenship by the Constitution. This is the root of the problem for refugee applicants to Canada.

Since the South Korean Constitution claims dominion over the entire Korean Peninsula (and thus North Korea), every citizen of either country is considered a South

Korean citizen under South Korean law. Consequently, any North Korean defector applying as a refugee to Canada is considered a South Korean citizen (Immigration and Refugee Board, Decision TB4-05778).

While North Korea has an authoritarian government, South Korea is a vibrant democracy where human rights are protected. Therefore, any citizen of South Korea is not eligible for admittance to Canada as a refugee.

The Case for Reform

Many Western jurisdictions have similar policies on North Koreans, recognizing them as South Korean citizens and thus ineligible for refugee status. This is because, after some debate, the law on citizenship is settled: North Korean defectors are South Korean citizens, with few exceptions.

However, this doesn't preclude the creation of an exception to Canadian refugee law on the basis of policy considerations. The unique geopolitical situation on the Korean Peninsula justifies such an exception, and the US has a model that we could follow.

Many North Koreans settle well and live happily in the South. Some, however, find they are discriminated against and have difficulty finding jobs and establishing fulfilling lives. Furthermore, being so close to the North has an effect on the defectors' sense of security. The Immigration and Refugee Board noted that the North Korean government is known to send in "fake refugees" who are actually spies on a mission to murder genuine refugees (Decision

TB4-05778). It should be noted, however, that this isn't a common phenomenon.

The takeaway is that not all North Koreans settle smoothly into the South, and they may genuinely fear for their security and the security of their families, especially being so close to the border. This creates a humanitarian ground for an exception to our refugee policy. Admitting North Koreans would certainly not be novel; Canada did it before 2013, when the board decided to reverse the policy after a ministerial intervention. Canada should continue its admirable moral leadership on accepting refugees and once again accept North Koreans.

Trevor J Fairlie is a student at Osgoode Hall Law School and a member of Hanvoice, an advocacy group for North Korean refugees. ▀



Source: <http://www.cbc.ca>

Law School Resources for a Vanishing March

Author › Shannon Corregan
Copy Editor

Yikes on bikes, y'all: it's March. I didn't want to believe it, but it's true. And since we're old pros at this, we know what March means. March is the time for us to really hit the books, to buckle down, to put our noses to the grindstone, and other vaguely violent metaphors for studying. It's time to make lists of all the readings you've ignored and the classes you've skipped. It's time to begin your summaries, to kick-start those study groups, to outline your essays. It's time for you to rally your strength and dedicate yourself to being the best law student you can be.

Or, if the previous sentence gave you an ulcer and you would rather be doing literally anything other than that right now, I'm here for you. Emotionally. Even better than that, I'm here for you practically. I've got your back, Jack. I, too am allergic to March, and studying, and law school, and I've compiled a list of resources for you when you 100% absolutely cannot please-Lord-don't-make-me look at another set of lecture slides.

What if I need to turn my brain off but I feel too guilty to take a nap?

You would go to littlealchemy.com and you would be charmed by your new-found ability to create complex things from simple things. You would feel a sense of accomplishment without having to take risks or sacrifice any energy, the energy you don't feel like you have any more because it's March and you're in law school. You would feel happy, and soothed. You might make a robot friend!

You would go to drawastickman.com. You would draw a stick individual. You would feel momentarily paralyzed by the endless possibilities of the blank page, then you would feel liberated by the same. You wouldn't have the resolve the contradiction.

You would Google "**Tea**," by Douglas Adams, and then "**A Nice Cup of Tea**," by George Orwell. You would read them. Then you would make yourself some tea. Some of you would put whiskey in it, though the instructions do not mention this.

You would download "**Stop, Breathe & Think**" onto your phone. You wouldn't use it as often as you promised yourself you would, but you would be comforted knowing that it's there, just in case.

Or you would nap. Napping is good.

What if I want to do something productive ... but not, like, a law school thing?

You would go to askamanager.org. You would get sensible advice for real issues that arise in the workplace. You would feel a little more confident about that small thing that was bothering you but you didn't want to say, exactly.

You would go to noexcuselist.com. You would have no excuse. You would learn a thing. You would learn two things!

You would learn the entire history of Rome at **The History of Rome** podcast. You would wash the dishes while you listened. You would wonder why you don't listen to podcasts more often. You would resolve to listen to more podcasts once this law school thing is over.

You would go to marthastewart.com and learn how to fold a fitted sheet. Why would you do this? Because then you would be the kind of person who knows how to fold a fitted sheet. Wait – is it time to change your sheets? When was the last time you changed them, anyways? How often are you supposed to change them? Look that up while you're there.

What if I feel lost in a post-Trump world where the truth is irrelevant and nothing matters?

You would search for Melissa Harris-Perry's **Black Feminism Syllabus**. You would be reminded that working against oppression is a life-long project. One step backwards is not the same as defeat. You'd take this opportunity



Source: <http://www.calmingmanatee.com>

to pick up that book you've "always been meaning to read" and find inspiration in reading it now, when you need it. You would feel humbled, but invigorated. Or you might feel angry. Either way, you would begin again. You would remember there is a world outside of law school, and that world needs you.

You might also go for a walk.

What if I want to laugh but also feel faintly edified, so I can make my excuses to my future self?

You might watch the **Lizzie Bennet Diaries**. That's basically literature.

You might read pop culture theories on OverthinkingIt.com. They use polysyllables, it's okay to enjoy it.

You might giggle-snort your way through idontevenowntelevision.com's bad book reviews.

You might read Kate Beaton's webcomics. You would feel amused by her sophisticated but accessible jokes about Canadian history and fat ponies. There would be lumber-jack jokes. It would basically be studying.

Speaking of history humour, you would find **The Toast**, and once you were there, you would read "Women Listening To Men Play Music At Them In Western Art History," "Things Lucy Maude Montgomery Lied to Me About," "Ayn Rand's Mary Poppins," and "John Keats' La Belle Dame Sans Merci." It would be very literary. You would feel virtuous and clever.

What if I want to listen to something, so I can pretend I'm about to study?

You would go to rainymood.com. It would be calming. You would feel like you could study to it. You would then take a nap.

You would go to star-wars.ambient-mixer.com. You would feel like you were in Star Wars. You would feel a little self-conscious about enjoying it so much, before you realized that you were alone in the room and no one was judging your happiness but you. You would learn a valuable lesson about being honest with yourself, and appreciating simple pleasures. You would make the nyoom-swoosh

sound with your mouth. May the Force be with us.

You would listen to **Beethoven's Ninth Symphony**, because the Ode to Joy Chorale kicks in at about the hour mark, and one hour is just about enough studying for one day, right? Plus, symphony. Culture. This would barely count as procrastination.

You would go to **BoilTheFrog**, which creates a playlist to get you from one artist to another. I've had good luck with Nicki Minaj and Rammstein. This definitely would count as procrastination.

What if I actually want to get work done?

You would be a huge nerd. Which is probably why you're here. In law school. In March. You would go to **Cold Turkey**. It would block all your social media, your news sites, and every site heretofore discussed. Do it. Do it now. Right now. You can do it. Yes, you. (You nerd.)

What if I need a hug?

You would go to calmingmanatee.com

You would be reminded that even though it's March, you've come so far, and you've done so much, and you've done a great job. You might feel affirmed, or soothed, or comforted. You would remember that even if you don't feel those things, you are nevertheless very, very close to the end.

Everything will be okay. ▲

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March 29, 2017
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OSGOODE HEALTH LAW ASSOCIATION PRESENTS:

Design Talk: GENETIC DISCRIMINATION

Advances in genetics have allowed us to sequence human DNA at a drastically lower cost than at any time before. While this has opened several doors for treatment and advances in pharmaceuticals, it has also opened doors to a new type of discrimination by genetics. Canada is one of the last developed countries yet to pass legislation protecting individuals from genetic discrimination. Bill S-201, The Genetic Non-Discrimination Act, recently passed its final reading in the parliament. The Health Law Association has put together a multidisciplinary panel to explore the implications of this legislation for businesses, policy makers, lawyers and health practitioners.

On March 8th, 2017, Bill S-201, the Genetic Non-Discrimination Act, passed its third reading by the senate and is expected to receive royal assent soon. This legislation protects employees and patients from being required to undergo or disclose the result of genetic disorders. Maximum penalties include a fine of up to \$1 million, or five years imprisonment. Canada has come rather late to the game when it comes to legislating against genetic discrimination. The United States enacted The Genetic Information Nondiscrimination Act in 2008, and the European Union ensured protection under Article 3 of the EU Charter of fundamental rights in 2010.

What Exactly is Genetic Discrimination and why is Legislation Necessary?

Although the notion of genetic discrimination is nothing new, many are still unfamiliar with exactly what it is and why Canadians need to be protected. Simply put, genetic discrimination happens when people are treated unfairly because of differences in their DNA that might increase their chances of contracting certain diseases or conditions. Such discrimination could occur when someone has to pay more for the same insurance policies, is denied insurance coverage altogether, or is denied a job opportunity based on their genetic test results, or their refusal to disclose such information. For example, an insurance company might refuse to provide life insurance for a woman who has a mutation in her genes, such as the BRCA1 mutation, that might make her more vulnerable to breast cancer. Likewise, an employer might decline to hire an applicant after finding that they are predisposed to Huntington's disease, a fatal neurological condition.

Who Should be Protected?

Everyone should be concerned about the potential for genetic discrimination, as everyone is vulnerable to it. Genetic tests will likely become a regular part of routine physicals in the near future. As more genetic tests are developed to identify DNA differences that affect our health, virtually every individual could be at risk for discrimination. These tests could be life-saving: by identifying genetic diseases in their early stages as well as by tailoring treatments based on the individuals' unique genetics. However, these life-saving benefits come with the risk that this genetic information could be used discriminatorily.

Before Bill S-201 was enacted, there was nothing protecting Canadians from genetic discrimination. The lack of legislative protection against such discrimination has in many instances discouraged people from getting genetic tests for fear that they may have to pay more for insurance or be denied coverage altogether. Consequently, many Canadians have intentionally missed out on the many benefits of genetic testing.

What Kind of Protections does Bill S-201 Provide?

This legislation prevents any requirements that individuals undergo genetic testing or disclose the results of a genetic test. The results of a genetic test cannot be required to enter into a contract or agreement or result in special conditions on a contract or agreement. This means that insurance companies cannot require individuals to disclose genetic testing or undergo genetic testing in order to get coverage. Furthermore, through amendments to the Canada Labour Code, employers cannot require hires to undergo or disclose genetic tests. The legislation also amends the Canadian Human Rights Act and prevents discrimination on the grounds of "genetic

characteristics". Exceptions are in place for health-care practitioners and researchers.

Canadian Controversy

The bill was passed amidst years of debate and lobbying from both sides. Prime Minister Justin Trudeau opposed the legislation, claiming that S-201 is unconstitutional and ultra vires provincial legislation that regulates insurance companies. Notwithstanding that the liberal government initially supported the bill, the Liberal government has proposed limiting the scope of the bill only to the power to make genetic characteristics a prohibited ground of discrimination under the Canadian Human Rights Act, keeping it within federal jurisdiction.

Constitutionality aside, there is an argument to be made that genetic anti-discrimination laws may be impractical when it comes to health and life insurance. The insurance industry currently openly discriminates by their method of determining premiums based on individual medical history, family history, habits (whether you smoke), and your status (age, sex, occupation). There is also little evidence of genetic discrimination. Currently, the Canadian Life and Health Insurance Association do not require genetic testing, and if they have already been done, the results are only requested if the policy exceeds \$250,000.

Finally, it is also a point of contention that the Act may further dissuade people from genetic testing rather by generating an impression that such tests are to be feared. The U.S. legislation is designed to ensure that people are not denied insurance coverage for basic medical care. With universal health care in Canada, are we just blindly following suit?

Intrigued?

In light of Bill S-201 and its controversy, the Osgoode Health Law Association is initiating an interdisciplinary dialogue on the topic. We have invited a diverse group of legal and health professionals to participate in a panel discussion on March 29, 2017. Refreshments will be served. Come with a hungry mind and appetite - you will not be disappointed.

This article is written by Sarah Katz, Kay Wang, and Daniel Quainoo as a part of the Osgoode Health Law Association's Perspectives in Health column. Keep up to date with the HLA on Facebook (Osgoode Health Law Association, Osgoode Health Law Association Forum) and Twitter (@OsgoodeHLA).

Our Panel:



Arthy Sabapathy
 Research
 Coordinator at
 SickKids Hospital



Ruby Shanker
 Bioethicist at
 Toronto General
 Hospital



Raymond Shih
 President and
 Founder of QoC



Yolande Dufresne
 Senior Associate at
 Torys LLP



Zach Fisch (TBC)
 CEO of DashMD

You can't ALWAYS GET what you WANT.

Author › Diane Baker Mason
Contributor

It's not news to say that in the city in which I live — Toronto — it's almost impossible to buy a home. A run-down lean-to in a dangerous neighbourhood will still cost you close to six hundred grand. That means a minimum \$30,000 down payment, and it takes a long time to save up that sort of money. Then you'd also need to have enough income to qualify for the mortgage payments, which even at the currently-suppressed interest rates, are still going to be high. There are condo alternatives, of course, but those aren't cheap either. As someone who bought her first house when she was nineteen — and whose entire working career was all about real estate — I'm very sympathetic to people who want to buy a house in this city. I find it kind of sad that if things stay the way they are, most young people are never going to be able to afford to buy a home here, no matter how many compromises they entertain. But a while ago, I found myself losing all sympathy for a young couple who were the subject of a financial section article on home equity lines of credit, or HELOCs. HELOCs, as no bank will ever tell you, are mortgages. They are no different from any other mortgage, except that they are often open-ended in terms of how much you can borrow (e.g., until you run out of equity, and often, beyond that), and they are often used to secure such dangerous credit traps as gold credit cards. They also usually have a higher interest rate. But make no mistake: sign one, and you've just handed your equity over to the bank.

In any event, this young couple had bought a ginormous house in the outer GTA, with a bare-minimum down

payment (and despite there being more modest housing choices, since this was indeed outer GTA). If it wasn't a little over-the-top (dare I say greedy?) enough for a childless couple to buy a four-bedroom, five-and-a-half-bath house, as soon as the market created a little equity elbow-room for this couple, they then proceeded to spend that equity, by getting a HELOC. They then spent the equity on...stuff. Because it's all about having stuff, ya know?

The couple's income was about \$130,000 a year, and they were spending all of it on servicing their debt. So what did they do? They decided to have a baby. That meant they needed stuff for the baby, and they didn't buy their stuff at Value Village. Soon finding themselves a thousand dollars short every month in making their payments, they came up with an idea on how to solve the problem of going into the red every month. No, the solution was not to sell the house before the bank forced a sale, and then to cobble together enough cash from the sale to make a down payment on something they could afford — say, a three-bedroom one-bath condo townhouse. Instead, they asked one of their parents to chip in his pension income. And then they applied for another credit card.

The kicker? These people are intelligent, educated professionals. One of them works for a bank. Apparently, you can work for a bank and still not know how to add.

I didn't want to get this grumpy and judgmental over this nice young couple's plight, but I did. It's not like this couple couldn't afford a house. They could afford one, but instead they bought way beyond their means. Then, instead of doing what people who've just bought

houses are supposed to do, which is to be careful with your money because you just bought a freakin' house, they chose instead to spend more. They didn't eat ramen noodles and buy furniture at the Ikea scratch-and-dent (which is an actual option). No. What they did was decide to postpone putting in a pool on their pool-sized lot.

Aaaarrrrggghhh!

No, there isn't a lot of "affordable" real estate out there, but those of us who can afford to buy should not fall into the trap of buying the biggest house we think we can afford. Nor should we think that we can take on a million dollars' debt (or two) and then keep spending like we always did. And yes, that applies to those of us who have reasonable expectations of being high-end earners some day. High-end earners lose their houses, too.

In my practice, one of my small joys was handing over the keys to my clients, after the deal had closed. But I also did mortgage enforcement work, and too many times I was there at the end of the story, when the repo actions were finally finished and the Sheriff and the locksmith were at the door. I sincerely hope that didn't happen to that young couple: that they somehow got out of that financial mess, and learned to say "no" to themselves, and are now happy in a home they can afford. I hope they can learn to make do with a blow-up wading pool from Canadian Tire, and to get a kick out of watching their kids run around a townhouse-sized backyard. I hope they didn't keep taking their dad's pension money. I hope they learned that you cannot live in a house of cards, no matter how much easy money the bank throws at you. ▲

»» Continue from cover page

rule depriving women in underdeveloped countries from these facilities is a human rights violation.

Apart from the direct impact to women's lives that become more prone to precarious and illicit abortions, the mounting fear is that the new policy will cause the unwarranted censorship of any dialogue about the liberalization or decriminalization of abortions. The impact is far-reaching because while some forty countries receive US aid for family planning, around sixty countries receive aid for general global health. The policy also constrains government officials elsewhere, who do not want to lose the USAID funds, from voicing their opinions against it. An NGO in Ethiopia voiced this concern: "when the president of the US comes out with this kind of rule, it will have an impact on other nations. By virtue of him being the president of the US, people take note of his opposition to all abortion issues."iv

The trepidation does not end here. During his campaign for presidency, Trump heedlessly threw other insinuations against women. In most recent news, Trump is claimed to have asked the female staff in his office to always "dress like women." This statement caused an incensed stir among women from different professions, reflecting upon his typical misogynistic slant and potential imminent policy

recommendations. He has previously voiced concern over forcing businesses to provide paid leave to new parents, saying that it is a financial inconvenience. Trump has also contested the idea of equal pay by saying that men and women should be making equal money if women do as good a job as men, though no commitment has yet been made in the form of any public policy sanctions.

Coming from the most powerful man in the world, the future looks bleak for women not only in the United States but more so in the impoverished countries that depend on US funding. Trump supporters consider the gag rule as just a first step towards the pro-life era, inter alia, promises he made during his campaign. In a 2016 speech at the Republican National Convention, Ivanka Trump declared that she supports her father's approach for equal pay, paid family leave and childcare. She said "as President, my father will change the labor laws that were put into place at a time when women were not a significant portion of the workforce." Within a week of his presidency, however, critics got an indisputable reason to condemn the directive. House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi said in a statement that Trump's global gag rule order "returns us to disgraceful era that dishonored the American values of free speech and inflicted untold

suffering on millions of women around the world."

Concerned parties are vigorously seeking remedies. The Dutch government, for instance, has declared the establishment of an international fund to give women in developing countries around the world access to abortion, birth control and education. Twenty other countries have indicated support for the creation of an international safe abortion fund to fill in the gap created by the global gag rule. As countries react to Trump's administrative policies, it becomes clear that his dogma against women may not only result in millions of them suffering around the globe. International relations will also strain, especially between Europe and the US. The struggle between the new president and women, both the unaware and the actively contentious, poses unfathomable implications worldwide.

This article was published as part of the Osgoode chapter of Canadian Lawyers for International Human Rights (CLAHR) media series, which aims to promote an awareness of international human rights issues.

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The Human Psychology behind Copyright's Crisis

Author › Pedro de Abreu M. Campos
Contributor



Source: Author

The concept of copyright is facing an enormous crisis. Internet and technology have made it clear, not only to specialists but also to the whole public, that the system is flawed. This crisis can be easily spotted in my home country of Brazil, for example, where, inspired by European countries, a Pirate Party was founded by advocates and activists that supports reforms in the IP system. Some of their delegates advocate for the extinction of the system as a whole.

However, not all copyright critics believe the system should be erased. Many people, including famous free culture advocate Lawrence Lessig, believe that copyright makes some sense, but the way the system is designed creates unfairness by giving exaggerated rights to authors and overcharging the public. The core of this sense of unfairness seems to reside in how differently people value copyright protected works. In fact, researchers suggest that authors tend to ascribe a value to their works that is higher than the public is willing to pay, creating inefficiencies for the market, and potentially market failure. So, what is it that might explain this valuation asymmetry between copyright owners and users?

The endowment effect is “a tendency for people to value that which they own more highly than the opportunity to obtain goods or services of equivalent value.” In a system where artistic creations are seen as property, the owners tend to overvalue their “possessions,” just as with any other type of property.

In fact, a recent study by Buccafusco and Springman suggests that the endowment effect in IP is even more influential than in traditional property contexts. The reason for that is what they call the “creativity effect.” In their studies, owners of paintings valued their paintings at 127% more than painting non-owners, demonstrating the regular endowment effect. However, the authors who actually painted and owned those works valued them at 316% more than non-painting owners, demonstrating what is dubbed the “creativity effect.”

This can certainly help to understand why there is an asymmetry between author and user valuations, but it gets more complex than that.

IP valuation is harder to estimate than regular property valuation. Some specialists argue that the value of a certain IP rights can be calculated by taking the amount of money that a copyright user can obtain by licensing, using or selling the work and multiplying it by the chance of success in generating this amount. When making this calculation, copyright owners are exposed to another bias called “optimism,” in which they tend to overestimate their chances of success, causing an even higher estimated value for their copyright protected property.

These biases (the endowment effect, the creativity effect, and optimism) can help us to understand why authors and owners value copyright protected works so differently from users and the general public. However, yet another psychological bias can demonstrate other inconsistencies in the copyright system.

Daniel Kahneman was the first to demonstrate a bias called “loss aversion,” in which people prefer not losing to gaining. For example, someone who loses \$100 will probably be more unsatisfied than another person who found \$100 on the floor will be satisfied. In fact, Kahneman has found that for the average person, losses are, psychologically speaking, twice as powerful as gains. Therefore, if an individual loses fifty dollars and another gains \$100, the variation on their satisfaction should be the same.

When creating a work, authors are necessarily being influenced by other authors, but they tend to value these gains over other people's works less than they value the losses they estimate when other people copy their work. This may explain why in 1996, when developing the Macintosh's software, Steve Jobs stated that Apple has “always been shameless about stealing great ideas,” but in 2010 he declared war against Android, arguing, “It's a stolen product.” Of course, there are more interests influencing this kind of posturing, but everyone is

subject to these biases.

The copyright system takes as a premise that the market can efficiently allocate rights. Relying on this premise, copyright is designed as a proprietary system, giving owners the power to exclude others. By arming the author with the power to exclude, we assume that the law and the market will allow the copyright system to encourage authors to create and distribute their works for the benefit of us all. However, this premise has been shown to be wrong, not least because people are subject to biases that blur their capacity to behave rationally in the market and reach the efficient market price.

Copyright and IP as a whole concept should not be overestimated. Certainly, they have their contributions and justifications, but it is time to rethink a system that is based on a false premise and does not accomplish its goals. The burden of proof should be on those who believe in a property rules-based system for copyright to demonstrate its actual value. It is never too late to make a change for the best.

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A Woman Went Down Beside Me

Author › Natasha Jerome
Staff Writer

This article was previously printed in our September 20, 2016 issue; it unfortunately contained a grammatical error that was inserted mistakenly during the editing process. It is being reprinted here with the correct wording. We sincerely apologize to the author and our readers for this oversight.

It was Todd who said it, flailing about like an eager pre-schooler anxious to answer his teacher's question. "Me, me; pick me," his flung-up finger eagerly solicited, as the heads of everyone whirled in his direction, multiple sets of eyes dilating on his ruddy expression. "Statistics show," he said academically, "that when emergencies occur amid a group of people, response to the ailing is always delayed." "Everyone," he continued, "expects that someone else will rush to give relief, so no one reacts right away." I swallowed hard to soothe the drought in my throat on hearing his remark. It was prompted by my report of the woman on the train.

Rush hour. The subway car was filled to capacity, teeming with commuters hurriedly making their way. In the head-spinning cosmopolitan commotion, I tucked myself into the last available seat beside the entrance near the unoccupied operator's cabin. Bodies big and small, tall, short, and average gathered about me, carried by semi-alert proprietors of all hues and shapes. Not a few were frazzled by the din of another morning on a crowded subway. At that unrighteous hour, many would have preferred to have still been sleeping. The ones who were standing squeezed into every inch of space. They formed a human screen, obscuring my view. Crouched as I was against the glass pane thrown up at the entrance, I could no longer see people's faces, only silhouettes from their abdomen to pelvic. So when the train stopped to permit another exchange of commuters, I saw her right away.

I saw, her belly. She entered, wearing a tracksuit: grey trousers and matching hoodie which hugged her taut middle-section. The belly protruded slightly from her tiny, delicate frame, not yet like a fully inflated balloon. "Ah." I mentally registered, "She's pregnant." The curiosity of the thought sent my eyes trailing behind her, as she meandered past the human screen and found herself a spot over by the operator's cabin. My eyes ascended the belly in search of her face, as she stood there. But the hoodie was pulled over her head and hay coloured tresses dangling from its peripheries, completely shrouded her traits. The only other data I registered was that she was young...and black. My distracted thoughts wistfully echoed, "Hmm: young, and black, and pregnant." Somewhere in the fathoms of my semi-conscious, I rued the fate of my own little sister. Still, distracted and semi-alert like the sorority of commuters stretching their inadequately rested bodies above me, I reburied my head in the pages of the book that I had previously been reading.

I read on, as the pollyannaish voice of the announcer proclaimed in a sing-song fashion over the PA system, "Pleeeasse stand cleeeear of the clooosing doors." The locomotive jerked forward, exuding a sigh of complaint, as the operator released the brakes. It bucked under the strain of carrying so many hundreds of lumpen people. Then, it heaved forward, confidently steadying itself, picked up speed, and swiftly chugged on, on its way. Fifteen minutes flew by with the wind rushing beneath the engines. I was reading something about power and by now had become quasi-entranced, lulled by the

mechanical rhythm of the side to side tilting car I was in. Then there was a shuffle. And a panicked female voice exclaimed, "My God!" I glanced across to the operator's cabin from whence the cry came. Time ... stood still.

I must have lost myself in that moment. For everything else receded. Except, across from where I sat, a pair of eyelids languidly parted, revealing hazy, dilated pupils. They stared forlornly at me, as if in accusation. I stared back, enthralled, trying to make sense of what I had seen. A woman had collapsed and was keeled over on her side, not completely on the floor, but felled all the same at an awkward, preposterous, diagonal angle. Her head had smacked against a wheeled trolley bag as she fell. I lost my bearings: there in that interminable moment, trying to figure her out. No one moved; no one did a thing. People were standing and people were sitting. Everyone stared. And the keeled over woman remained on the ground beneath us, propped up in that suffocating corner. The fashionable young Somali who sat beside me and immediately near the collapsed woman, did not scamper up to assist her. And I continued to sit and she continued to sit. And those standing around and those seated remained as rigid as mannequins.

In the seconds that followed, my semi-tranquilized mind slowly recovering itself, a feeble "Are you okay?" escaped from my lips. But even then, I was still sitting, snuggled up against the glass pane by the subway doors. The woman on the floor was the fragile expectant mother.

I have once before witnessed a miscarriage. The woman whose birth canal had prematurely expelled the semi-developed foetus was the wife of my mother's brother. She must have been two hundred pounds at the time. Yet she was as melancholy and pitiable in her demise as the delicate expectant mother who now laid before me. People who faint lose all awareness of the event. They may look out from glossy eyes, but they are incapable of seeing. I don't recall whether my mother and I had helped my aunt to the bathroom on that occasion. But I remember the blood-clotted placenta that had slipped spontaneously from beneath the folds of my aunt's ample nightgown. None of us expected it. My aunt had lost consciousness, and along with my mum, I had to struggle to keep her from collapsing. That was a decade ago.

Much earlier, I had seen a baby violently ruptured from the safety of its mother incubator. That mother too was young and delicate, barely finishing her teens. For some reason, and I don't know why, she was being carried by a male hospital worker. Where was the gurney? The man carrying her had no right to hold her that way: he had had her strewn across his chest, as flaccid legs dangled over one of his arms and her moribund head hung over the other. Her abdomen was squashed against her torso. She was not lifeless, but she had evidently been unconscious. The hospital staff sauntered by with her and made to carry her up some stairs. It was at that moment that the baby gushed out from her pelvis. It was ghastly, as it was sad and unpleasant. The orderly shrugged, struggling up the stairs with his cargo while the woman's little stranger, that was not to be, laid abandoned on the cold hard floor, its life ebbing away with the seconds. Women do not easily recover from the premature loss of their infants.

Why did such thoughts not rouse me as I sat in stupor watching this woman on the subway floor? And why did no one else dash to her rescue? This author I recently read wrote in resignation that "we too often stand paralyzed in the face of urgent collective challenges."

I think it was David Held that said that. What's missing, he suggested, is solidarity: "By solidarity I mean not just emphatic recognition of another's plight, but the willingness to stand side by side with others." Natalia Ginzburg penned an essay, *Le piccole virtù*, where, exploring this same interpersonal disconnect, she contended that the required ingredient is education not in the small virtues of human interaction. Rather, we need socialization in the larger constituents of human generosity: in courage, charity, regard for others, *l'abnegazione*, in defiance of danger, "*e il desiderio di essere e di sapere.*"

Fortunately for the woman on the subway floor, someone did have their wits about them. "Help her up," instructed a sober stranger looking across to the persons standing by. The dazed pregnant woman was foisted to her feet while the Somali beside me echoed my question, "Are you okay?" But she was still sitting, so the woman who issued the instruction spoke again, "Let her sit," she said. The Somali stood up and the mother-to-be hunkered down beside me. By now, people had begun to mill around, their interest in the woman actively awakening. "Wait. Are you pregnant?" intoned a stick-like woman with flat-ironed hair. She had come over and was quizzically eyeing her subject who now slouched beside me. "Is she okay?" an Asian-accented female voice chimed in. I leaned forward and peered beneath the hoodie that was still drawn over her face. Beads of perspiration, like raindrops on roses, settled on her adobe-tinged nose and forehead. Her cheeks were moist; her eyes unopened. Blond locks cascaded in curls around her face; she glowed in the aura of a cherub. "Are you going to be okay?" I discretely inquired. "Should we call for a doctor?" The imperative of another person on the train rang out above my head, "Get her some water," it said. Within seconds, a hand stuck out from amid the abdomen of the group that had gathered before us. A can of Ginger Ale was proffered by a young metrosexual male. It had made its way from someone standing in the middle of the train. I collected it and handed it to the visibly exhausted woman. She was just then opening her drowsy eyelids to answer, "Yes," to my first interrogative, and "No," to the second. It was a noble display of courage. "Perhaps," I said to her playfully, "it was just your little stranger – your baby – that gave you a kick." She smiled timidly at this while I wondered who in their right mind would let a pregnant young mother travel alone on a rush hour train.

The sense of outrage I experienced over my moral abnegation during this episode has remained with me since. It has served the useful function of making me alive to the people around me. Not long after this incident, I boarded the Rocket to York University. It was about 10am that day and, as usual, scores of commuters crowded on with me. Among the last few passengers, a pregnant woman got on. She climbed up the platform to the back of the shuttle and ended up standing beside me. I was sitting. I made to get up, so as to offer her my seat. But she intercepted me, "Oh, no. It's okay. I'm alright," she said. I shifted to reposition myself in the seat, but judging better I swirled around and exited from my place. "I prefer, that you sit." I told her. Perhaps it was my tone of resolution: she took my place with nary a sound of protest. I was glad for that and glad too that, for once, my faculties were working. ▀

Jurisfoodence: The Best of blogTO's Best of Toronto

The Best Ethiopian Restaurants in Toronto

Author › Nadia Aboufariss
Arts & Culture Editor

Rendez-Vous (ranked #1)

Location: 1408 Danforth Avenue

Atmosphere: Warm, red-lit tropical escape

So here's an unpopular opinion: Ethiopian food is better than Indian food.

I said that to a group of friends the other day not because I meant it—I would need to visit both countries and have many more meals to feel that I deserve a vote—but because I wanted to elicit an angry response (it worked). My point wasn't that either one was better than the other, it was that I truly believe Ethiopian food is one of the great underrated cuisines in the world. This may have more to do with the way the meal is shared and presented than it does with the actual dishes, or maybe it's injera, one of my favourite things ever, but either way I feel like Ethiopia isn't as popular as it should be.

Since I've mentioned Indian food, I should take a moment to explain why I decided not to write an article about the best Indian in Toronto. I've been to the blogTO number one ranked restaurant, Banjara, and while it's very good (and the portion sizes are massive), I can name at least three restaurants I like more, including The Host (ranked fifth on the list) and a little unlisted gem in my neighbourhood called Jaipur Grille, which makes a green cashew curry dish called Chicken Pahadi that I've never found anywhere else and which is life-changing. So, rather than writing an article complaining about blogTO's list, I think it's enough to say that Toronto is blessed with a wealth of delicious Indian restaurants with great ratings and it'd be hard to go wrong choosing a place.

Back to Rendez-Vous, which is located on a strip of the Danforth around Greenwood with a number of restaurants that I've heard referred to as Little Ethiopia. Side note: you've got to love the multiculturalism of a city that has a Little Ethiopia nestled inside of its Greektown. The restaurant itself is cozy and bathed in red light, with details like palm trees and straw umbrellas mounted on the wall, and incense from the coffee ceremonies gently wafting through the air. The effect, especially on the freezing night we chose to visit the restaurant, was like stepping into another world far away from the blustery winter weather outside. And the place was hopping: when we left at 10:30 p.m. it was even busier than when we arrived, and with a kitchen that doesn't close until 1 a.m. I suspect it stayed busy for quite some time.

As I alluded to above, what is really special to me about Ethiopian food is the way it's served, usually on a large platter that has been covered with injera bread (a sour, spongy flatbread made with the flour of a grain called teff). If you order multiple dishes they are usually combined on the one platter, and everything is eaten not with forks or spoons but instead by ripping off pieces of injera and using it as the utensil. I read online (which means it must be true) that in Ethiopian culture, the act of sharing a communal plate with others at your table is supposed to symbolize love and trust, and I have to say, there is something really intimate about eating a meal this way. Personally, I think it makes for a great date night.

Our server immediately brought us some water and was very quick to take our order. We ordered the



Source: Author

vegetarian combo, which came with eight smaller sized portions of different vegetarian dishes on the menu. It's pretty common for Ethiopian restaurants to offer combos platters and it is a fantastic way to sample different dishes, especially if you aren't familiar with the cuisine. It's also worth noting that this combo, which costs \$13.99, was easily enough to feed the two of us, making it an incredible value. However we wanted to try some meat dishes too so we also ordered Tibs—beef (or lamb) sautéed with onions, peppers and tomatoes—and Doro Wat, a well-known Ethiopian dish that consists of a spicy chicken stew made with berbere, a traditional spice blend, and usually containing hard-boiled eggs.

The real standout of the meal was the vegetarian combo. I loved the Keyser—beets and potatoes cooked together with hot peppers—and the cabbage cooked with carrots and aromatics in a turmeric sauce. My partner's favourites were the Gomen and the Aterkik Aliche, respectively, collard greens or kale stewed until perfectly tender, and a dish of split peas in a mild yellow sauce. I can't emphasize enough how wonderful Ethiopian food is for vegetarians, because vegetables are elevated to flavourful, filling dishes in a way that is more exciting and satisfying than in other cuisines. Injera, if made with only teff flour, is also gluten-free, making it an awesome alternative to other flatbreads like pita or naan. I really liked that this restaurant served extra injera on the side at no cost, which made it easier to dig into the platter to start.

The beef Tibs were also excellent, and likely my recommendation to meat-eaters who are less adventurous and do not like their food to be too spicy. It's a dish somewhat reminiscent of fajitas, in that it's cooked dry (not a curry or stew) and has a very pronounced sweet pepper flavour. The hottest dish of the night was the Doro Wat, and although I love spicy food, it was also the dish I was most disappointed by. I've had it before, and I felt like here the sauce wasn't

well balanced: it was heavily spiced, but missing a richness or depth of flavour that made it taste somewhat one-note.

The injera at Rendez-Vous was noticeably less sour than other injera I've tried. While perhaps ideal for people with normal tastes, for my weird preferences—I go through about seven to ten lemons a week—it was not sour enough. I tried to make injera once, ages ago, a fact which I brought up to my partner during dinner. He said it was the only time where I completely failed at cooking. "And it smelled so bad," he recalled. So that you can understand where he is coming from, making injera involves a batter which gets put aside for a number of days to allow it to ferment, sort of like making sourdough bread.

Overall the experience at Rendez-Vous was lovely, even though I didn't get the traditional Ethiopian coffee ceremony for fear I'd be up the entire night. I've had it before at another restaurant in Toronto and I would totally recommend it—it's a very unique, almost spiritual experience—but just remember to tell your server you'd like to order it well in advance as it usually takes about thirty minutes to prepare. If you've never tried Ethiopian food, especially if you are a vegetarian, please do yourself a favour and go. There are a number great places scattered throughout the city, including Nazareth, located next to Ossington station and ranked second on blogTO, and Ethiopia House, close to Yonge and Bloor which is unlisted but has the distinction of being my first exposure to Ethiopian cuisine.

Cost for three main dishes, split in half: \$21 + tax + tip

Service: 4.5/5 Dean Sossins

Food: 4/5 Dean Sossins

Value: 5/5 Dean Sossins

Overall: 4.5/5 Dean Sossins ▲

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